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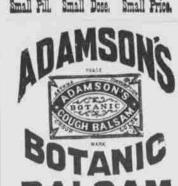
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THE KINGS DAUGHTERS.

themselves in the bonds of Faith, Hopeand Love, for the twofold-purpose of glorifying and serving God and of helping and cheering their fellow men. This sisterhood was organized in January, 1886, upon the simbrist, and with the sacred watchword,

The hadge of the order is a ribbon of the val color, and may be worn with or withit the Maltese cross, upon which is in cribed the significant initials, I. H. N. ince to look up is a token of faith; to s to be always ready to forget self in minering to others, and to lend a hard is daily dealings with each other, the menbers of the order of "The King's Daughters" chose as their motto the familiar of Rev. Edward Everett Hale

"Look up and not down: Look for sant and not barn Look out and not in-Look at tan 2."

virtues which should shine into every life o ennoble and beautify it namely Earth

per the work of the order. "The King's labor, and have perfect freedom in arrang-Much interest and not a little current tral council was organized it was recom-

Here he stopped and ran his eye again over the list.

"No, not all," he said, "the Widow Monk are on the watch for them.

"I will be found to be watch for them.

"It will be found to be any person in Barnbury and meant of good and she held open the list of them.

"The success attending the growth of the refer of "The King's Daughters" has been in all Barnbury Ha ha."

The baker wanted to be baked if isky Christinas, and I not in the success attending the growth of the refer of "The King's Daughters" has been in all Barnbury Ha ha."

The baker wanted to be baked if isky Christinas, and the great power that has sught about its wonderful development between loving helds.

The baker wanted in the cold. "and she held open the like said to him. "Truly, you look chilled, you need some that was worth while this Christinas. He can't him should send him a present that was worth while this Christinas. He can't him should send him a present that was worth while this Christinas. He can't him should send him a present that was worth while this Christinas. He can't him should send him a present that was worth while this Christinas. He can't him should send him a present that was worth while the too far, you know. And I shall give him \$500. Of course his expenses in the baked if I sky Christinas, and he left warmed him should send him a present that was worth while this Christinas. He can't him should send him a present that was worth while this Christinas. He can't him should send him a present that was worth while this Christinas. He can't him should send him a present that was worth while this Christinas. He can't him should send him a should send him a

lands in the Pacific Ocean, women wearing the cross, with its sucred watchword enwhose strands are Faith. Hope and Love to be members of the same sisterhood of serall the 'Tena" is especially to be notes ntold good has already been accomplished. ent, animated by the beneficent spirit infolness, is everywhere full of promise

The auction sale of Washington relies in oremost among these was the autogrand Henry Lee ("Light Horse Harry "Hendquarters, October 20, 1780. s two pages in length and gives instruc-is as to the treatment of Benedict Arnold, hould the trainer be captured alive. Wash agter I ving, who once owned the man script, considered it the most important of Washington's Revolutionary correspond-e-extant It was sold to Senator Hearst money as these letters, except Martha Washington's Birde, which was sold for wants gated for his prise. The book is about a foot long and nine inches wide, is bound in plain calf, and was covered evi-dently by Mrs. Washington herself. On the title page is her autograph and the year "1789" legibly written; the name also ap-pears twice more between the covers. The

AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

Christman Gurate The quiet day in winder beauty closes, And armor clouds are tinged with ecimion dye, As it the hindres of our faded coses. Came back to this this souther Christman sky. onion in New York city to units a losely cross floats of or the upland ranges a round careful the chestiant tree. The voice that changes not shid our change the two fold purpose of glorifying.

We sit and watch the twilight darken slowly lies the last glean upon the love hilbert-And in the stillies, greening deep and hel-Cur Christmas guests come in this eventur

And some are here whose patient weeks were rive thy our hard words. And besix of cold disday Ah, leving bearts, to speak of wrong forgives, Ye came to risk our dark world again. For one there is, more kind than any other, Whose presence fills the sidest bonne with light. The brince of Posses, our granious Filter Brother, Comes to the birthday fond with us to night,

THE BAKER OF BARNBURY.

One of Frank Stockton's Bright Christ-

man Conceits It was three days before Christmas, and It was three days before Christmas, and the baker of the little village of Barnbury sat in the room behind his shop. He was a short and sturdy laker, a good fellow, and ordinarily of a jolly demeanor, but this day he satgrim in his little back room. "Christmas indeed," he said to himself, 'and what of Christmas! "Thank you, bak er, and a inserty Christmas to you," and every one of them goes away, with the there no good in this world, but the good of the trade ! Oh, yes, they'll say, 'there's Christmas and that's good.' 'But mas day is a family day, and to a man without a family it's no day at all. I'm not even fourth cousin to a soul in the town. Nobody asks me to a family dinner. Bake baker, they cry, that we may sat and love each other. Confound them I am tired of it. What is Christmas to me. I

put down his cup. If she'd ask me to din-ner I wouldn't skip Christmas, and the while ri'lage might rise up and bless her. "We are like to have a fine Christmas.

Hardly that, she answered, with a smile, but that a the very last horse blank et that I can get to bind. They don't put them on horses, but they have them bound with red, and use them for door curtains. That's all the fashion now, and all the Barnbury folks who can afford them have sent them to me to be bound with red. That one is nearly finished, and there are no more to be bound. But haven't the Barnbury folks any "But haven't the Barnbury folks any more work for you cried the baker; haven't they shirts or gowns, or some other sort of needling ?"

"Those things they make themselves," answered the widow, but this binding is heavy work and they give it to me. The blankets are coarse, you see, but they hang well in the doorway." pears twice more between the covers. The good book more between the covers. The good book contains six large maps, a plan of Jerusalem, a view of Solomon's temple, and also nearly 300 curious copper plate sograssings first published by John Start in Loodon in 1715. Like all other family Bildes this one contains blank pages for birthe and deaths, and on five of these are records written by Mrs. Washington herself.

"No," said she setting herself to work on her horse-blanket, "not this year. When I came to Barnbury, baker, I thought I might do well, but I have not done well." Did not your husband leave you any

tletoe, three years ago, and all that he left me is gone, baker."
It was time for the baker to open his shop, and he went away, and as he walked

one aptivermarked The success attending the growth of the order of 'The King's Daughters' has been phenomenal; and the great power that has brought about its wonderful development is the true, loving helpful spirit that has inspired its meaning the growth of the rest to the true, loving helpful spirit that has inspired its meaning the growth of the rest to the true, loving helpful spirit that has inspired its meaning the growth of the rest to the true, loving helpful spirit that has inspired its meaning the last four years the order has attained proportious largely beyond all expectations, nearly 200, 300 women having enrolled themselves as "The Daughters of the King" Throughout the civilized world, from the countries of the east to the far distant is see about this," and he knocked at the door. The success attending the growth of the cord in the order of the other side of the fire place. "I shall speak as plainly to you as yoke to me. You spoke the world and I am alone. I shall send the children at the same. I shall send the child you are alone in the world and I am alone. I shall send the children. I shall send the childre

s ant down his empty cup he told her that s. too, had made up his mind to skip thristmas, and he told her why, and then s proposed that they should skip it to

Now, the Widow Monk forget to ask hin

The next day the sun shone golden, the

, was that good taker, that he went to the

hot. In the inn he found a tall man, with rings in his ears. A sun browned man he was and a stranger, who had just arrived and wanted his dinner. He was also a

poulity or meat to be baked. I'll look in and see about this," and he knocked at the door. The Widow Monk was at supper. She was a plump little body, bright and cheer fulto look upon, and not more than thirty. The widow took his hands, lowered her first and tell her afterwards. The baker port down his hat unwound his long woolen-conforter took off his over coat and had a cup of tea.

"Now then," said he to himself, as he put down his cap, "if she'd ask me to dinner I wouldn't skip Christmas, and the whole village might rise up and bless her.

"I wouldn't skip Christmas, and the whole village might rise up and bless her."

I think that perhaps you were right, and

"Fine enough for the rest of you," she said, with a smile, "but I shall not have any Christmas this year."
"How's that," cried the baker. "no Christmas, Widow Monk?"
"Not this year, baker," said she, and she poured him another cup of tea. "You see that horse blanket?" said she pointing to one thrown over a chair.
"Bless me, Widow Monk, cried the baker, "you're not intending to set up a horse?"

"Up sprang the baker, so suddenly that he overturned his chair. Now he must

there. At any moment some one might come in. Hasten back to your shop. At 3 o'clock I will meet you at the parson's. That will surely be soon enough, even for such a hasty man as you The baker came forward and gamed. she closed the door behind her

she closed the door behind her.
Out into the cold went the baker. His head was diazed, but he walked steadfastly to his shop. There was no need for him to go anywhere: to tell anybody anything. The man with the earrings would settle matters for himself soon enough.

The baker put up his shutters and locked his shop door. He would do nothing more for the good of anything. Skin Christmas. In. for the good of frade: nothing more for the good of anything. Skip Christmas: In, before a few and poor Edward's reason, it good of anything. Skip Christmas: In, before a few and poor Edward's reason, it good on anything of the good of anything of the good o

the Widow Monk

"You wicked man," she whispered.
"you are a quarter of an heur late. The parson was a little man with white hair. He stepped toward the couple standing together, and the widow took the baker's hand. Then the parson began the little speech he always made on such occasions. It was full of good sense and very touching, and the widow's eyes were dim with tears. The baker would have spoken, but he had never interrupted a clergyman and he could not do it now.

Then the parson began his appointed work and the heart of the baker swelled, as the widow's hand trendled in his own.

The westle extra symmetrium too heart in the parson began his appointed work and the heart of the baker swelled, as the widow's hand trendled in his own.

work, and the heart of the baker swelled, as the widow's hand trembled in his own.
"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife." asked the parson.
"Now for this," quoth the poor baker to himself." I may bake forever, but I cannot draw back nor keep the good men waiting." And he said, "Yes."
Then it was that the baker received what he had come for, the parson's blessing; and, immediately, his fair companion, brimming with tears, threw herself into his arms.

"Now." said the baker to himself, "when I leave this house, may the devil take me, and right welcome shall he be."
"Dearest," she exclaimed, as she looked into his face. "you cannot know how happy I am. My welding day, and my brother back from the crust sees." by lan.

"Struck by a sudden blast of bewildering sextacy the baker raised his eyes, and he held the tail form of the son-browned stranger who had been standing behind

them
"You are not a sailor man," quoth the
jovial brother, "like my old mate, who
went down in the brig distletce, but my
sinter tells me you are a jolly good fellow,
and I wish you fair winds and paying cargoes." And after giving the baker a
powerful handshake, the sailor kissed the
tride, the person's wife, the person's
daughter, and the person's maid, and
wished the family were larger, having just
returned from the cruel seas.

home snow drops and tear drops were all mixed together on his face.
"I couldn't do this sort of thing before her," he said, "and I am glad it was time and the sailor brother. And a rare good to go and open my shop."

That night the baker did all his regular time they had, for a big sea chest arrived, and there were curious presents and a tall flask of rare old wine, and plenty of time for three merry people to cook for them work, but not a linger did he put to any Christoms order. The next day, at supper time, he went out for a walk. On the way he said to himself, "If she is

The baker told his wife of his soul-barand gladsome, and it would serve Barntury aright. I'll go in and lay it before her."

The Widow Mank was at supper, and when she asked him to take a cup of tea he put down his lat, unwould his woolen comforter, and took off his overcost. When comforter, and took off his overcost. When his sunity cup, he told her that.

New York Commercial Albertiser. with a laugh, "and now go you and make ready for the cakes, pastry, and sweet partak meats the laked meats and the politry, the dy with which the people of Barubury are to." The fir

Financia the bells on Christonias day Their old familiar carols play, And wild and sweet The words repeat of peace on earth, good will to men

Now, the Widow Monk forget to ask him to take a second cup of ten, and she turned as red as the binding she had put on the horse-blankets. The lasker pushed aside the teacups, leaned over the table, and pressed his suit very hard.

When the time came for him to open his shop she said that she would think about the matter, and that he might come again.

The next day the run shear colline the And thought how, no the day had come The beffries of all Christonion. Had rolled along The unbroken song of peace on earth, good will to usen?

Till ringing, singing on its way.
The world revolved from night to day.
A roice, a chime.
A chart subline.
Of peace on earth, good-will to men. snow shone silvery, and Barnbury was like a paradise to the good baker. For the Widow Monk had told him he might come again, and that was almost the same thing as telling him that he and she would skip

But in despair I bowed my head— "There is no peace on earth," I said: For hate is strong. And mocks the song Of peace on earth, good will to men."

in a good word for Mrs. Rockwood.

"I saw you going into Mrs. Rockwood's at their sides. These maskers yesterday," the lady herself began, when kinds of fantastic tricks for the his breast, the sun stiming like tawiry the dressmaker was trying on an elegant brass, the snow glistening like a slimy, evil thing. He knew not where he was going:
he knew not what he intended to do, but on he went.

"It's a hard struggle to make both ends meet," said the other, slaking her head on he went. On he went.

Presently a door opened and he was called.

T saw you canning, said the Widow Monk, "and I did not wish to keep you waiting in the cold," and she held open the door for him.

through the velvet. Sile fitted the broad shoulders and well-laced waist. She gath-ered the lace into graceful falls, and she thought of Mrs. Rickwood all the while.

sum, when you think of it as you should. Affect These two notes lay on the table, on the first, a \$500 note; on the last a five-dollar bill; and Mrs. Canline had carefully direct-

Miss Morgan ran to the desk, bent over it, and in a moment had sealed the notes. Then the lady, slipping them into her pocket hurried to the doctor's, and was just in time to register her letters at the station on the way home. ceipt of two notes, one from her son, which

LOUIS CARLINE."

parson's house
"I will take but one thing away with
made to give up her prize at this late date.
And Mrs. Canline resolved to play the gen
erous and affectionate parent.
She went about for a week or so boast with one.

"Of course he is in," said the parson's maid, "there, in the parson's parlor.

As the baker entered the parson's parlor, some one hastened to meet him. It was the Widow Monk.

"Of course he is in," said the parson's parlor, and the parson's head a good deal of credit for kind some one hastened to meet him. It was the Widow Monk.

The weather here is something too horri-ble almost to mention. I have read many descriptions of London fogs, and thought I knew what they were like, but you may take my word for it the English language is not capable of either doing justice to or ad-equately describing this awful blight, so I shall not attempt it. This is perhaps appropriate the story lever little book called "The Mystery of the Shroud." The shroud is the fog, and the story begins with the abduction of a cabinet minister between his own doorstep and his carriage at the his own doorstep and his carriage at the curlatone in the impenetrable darkness of a black fog, and his subsequent adventures. Lemma Christians Letter.

Christman in Norway.

affair, fish, poultry, most, entries, cakes and preserves go could and round again and again. Between the courses intervals are ablowed for the singing of national songs, the giving of standard tonsts, and the drinking of besitts. To the Norwegian the world Grant Norge ("Old Norweat") have a powerfol spell in them, and on festive occasions like the present they carnot be resisted. In an instant form! Norge is repeated by every your the disease are be resisted. In an instant fainth North is repeated by every voice, the glasses are filled and drained, and then bursts forth in a simultaneous chorus the national song of Norway. "For Norge." There is no nation in the world that the outpass Norway is this enthusiastic love of country. When the dinner is over the chief guest rises, saying. Tak for marchis (thanks for the meal or entertainment), which is responded to by all present who love to be lead and

meal or entertainment, which is responded to by all present, who how to the host and hostess at each and of the table.

At 7 o'clock tea is handed round, then a little later in the evening comes a knock at the door, and some four or live boys enter dressed in white mantles; the tablest of these holds a large colored lantern shaped like a star, while another bears a small illuminated glass box containing two little wax Dutch dolls, one of which represents the Virgin Mary sitting in a chair and the infant Jesus lying in a crashle. A bit of candle is moved by a wire from side to side of the lantern, making it appear as if the "Its there a Mrs. Monk now living in this vilings!"

It is there a Mrs. Monk now living in this vilings!"

It is there a Mrs. Monk now living in this vilings!"

It is there a Mrs. Monk now living in this vilings!"

It is there a Mrs. Monk now living in this yield live to seek and unless it could be got she of the lantern, making it appear as the would have to give up her little home and seek another. Mrs. Rockwood had been a rich man's daughter, but her marriage had offended her father and when he hed he left all his money to his second wife.

The baker asked for nothing hot, but turned him and went out into the cold head world. As he closed the door belond have an income of \$10,000 a year. bleak world. As he closed the door behind him be heard the strauger say:

"On the brig Mistletoe."

It was not needed that the baker should have an income of \$10,000 a year, while poor Mrs. Rockwood was about to be under the bright money, another band of masked performance. It was not needed \$500. Now the step mother, Mrs. Caning papearance. They are dressed in military hear these words, already he knew everything. His send had told him everything in the moment he saw the sun browned man with the rings in his ears!

On went the laker, his head bowed on his tread, the laker, his head bowed on his tread, the sun shrings like treader.

Stool have an income of \$10,000 a year, while poor Mrs. Rockwood was about to be more, another band of masked performance. They are dressed in military fashion, with cocked hats on the head, but the dooking uniforms, purposely decked with tinsel, and worden swords suspended in a good word for Mrs. Rockwood.

Take you going into Mrs. Rockwood as a their sides. These maskers perform all the door was about to be more, another band of masked performance. They are dressed in military fashion, with cocked hats on the head, but the booking uniforms, purposely decked with timel, and worden swords suspended with timel, and worden swords suspended with timel, and worden swords suspended with timely and the proposed of the performance. They are dressed in military fashion, with cocked hats on the head, but the performance of the proposed with the performance.

as 'Old Christmas' the only work done was that of charity or necessity. Decem-ber was taken up with getting ready for the holidays. Axes rang merrily at every wood side: wagons piled high with oak and bickory logs cut deep ruts in the soft plan tation roads, and at last made them quagthought of Mrs. Rockwood an the while.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon that Mrs. Canline drew her desk toward her, and took out two sheets of paper. (In one she wrote:

"My Danieso Seo. Here is your Christmas outline of axe and arm. That, of course, while the statement of the course of the course, while the course of the course outline of axe and arm. That, of course, the course of the course outline of axe and arm. That, of course, the course of the course outline of axe and arm. That, of course, the course of the course outline of axe and arm. That, of course, the course outline of axe and arm. That, of course, the course outline of axe and arm. The other sheet held these words:
"My Draw Gromelya, Enclosed you will find a liristone gift for the climbren. Spend it care ally I add this warning, because you really are with if there came rain or snow. Picking

as your list from the heart of the hogshead people watched it in with hymns and pray-ers. Those not so pious danced the old year out, and slept deeply into the morning of the new one. So time flow velvet winged till Twelfth-night came. There was little weariness, more because everybody want-ed to be fresh for the 8th of January balls. "Jackson's day" ranked with the Fourth of July Whose did not henor it was poor-spirited indeed. So cards and question games engaged the mer-ry-makers until midnight struck. Then everybody scrambled after a lantern bear-ary to the contract of the struck of the struck.

down their Christmas, but faith in the mis

For when done Christinas Eve ding He it the time when you and I shall put away all wrong and sin. And the the hely Christi Child in To bless our Meny Christinas Youth's Co. Let Christmas stand for pleasure, and for the reason that a is especially the Christian day. Then Christianity drops her weeds and emiles. Then the whole

world takes up the refrain If we were to fancy a wholly Christian ized world, it would be a world inspired by the spirit of Christians—a bright, friendly, baneficent, generous, sympathetic, mutual ly helpful world. A man who is habitually mean, selfish, narrow, is a man without Christians in his sent.—ice. William Cur-

Royal Baking Powder Has no Equal.

The United States Official Investigation Of Baking Powders, recently made, under authority a Congress, by the Department of Agriculture, Washing ton, D. C., furnishes the highest authoritative information as to which powder is the best. The Official Report

shows the ROYAL superior to all others in leavening power; a cream of tartar powder of highest quality.

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